

full page color photos of **KIM NOVAK • ANITA EKBERG** and others

A
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C

Jem

A TREASURE CHEST OF RARE SPICE

HOW TO BE A
LOVER

**STRANGER
IN MY BED**

advice to the
LOVE-WORN



NOV./50

HUMOR-CARTOONS • FICTION



~ Editorial ~

HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE

Those French words adorn the Order of the Garter, England's most important and order honor. Behind them lies a story with a moral—a moral that is as applicable today as it was some 600 years ago when the Order was founded. Edward III, one of the great Kings of England, was a guest at the castle of one of his noblemen who was away fighting at the time. A dance was held in the King's honor and during the festivities the garter of the King's hostess slipped from her leg. To relieve her embarrassment, the King retrieved the garter and with a chivalrous gesture handed it back to its owner. A snicker ran through the assemblage of nobles and their ladies. What with court gossip as it was in those days, a first-class rumor concerning the ruler and his hostess no doubt was aborning among the monarch's subjects. It was then that Edward scornfully uttered the words "Honi Soit Qui Mal y Pense" that stilled the vicious tongues before they could begin to wag. And it was then that he conceived the Order of the Garter, Britain's most exclusive honor. The symbol of the order is a garter on which are inscribed the King's words. They mean "Shame on Him Who Evil Thinks." The story has a moral that might well be heeded by narrow-minded twentieth century bluenoses. To them we present the American rights to the motto that is worn so proudly by the Knights of the Garter in England. May they take the words to heart.



MR. DANDY

The dapper little man you will find tipping his high hat to our cover beauty has an appropriate name. He is Jem Dandy. You will see Mr. Dandy romping through the pages of this, and subsequent issues of JEM. We hope he conducts himself with the decorum fitting to the symbol of a great magazine. In other words, stay away from them beautiful girls in our magazine, Mr. Jem Dandy.



Jem

A TREASURE CHEST OF RARE SPICE

Danny Ross *Publisher*
 James Kyle *Editor*
 William Shelton *Managing Editor*
 Alberto Alberti *Art Director*

CONTENTS

November, 1956 Vol. 1 No. 1

DIAMOND DUST	4
BETTY BROSNER	5
JAYNE MANSFIELD	8
HOW TO BE A LOVER	13
THE QUIPPING POST	14
CANDY BARR	15
ADVICE TO THE LOVEWORN	16
LILI ST. CYR	17
ANITA EKBERG	19
STRANGER IN MY BED	20
ANITA EKBERG	22
YOU DON'T SAY!	23
RE-JOYCE AT THE BAR	24
WHEN PROSTITUTION WAS A RELIGION	26
THE STAG AT EVE	28
THE MOST DARING LOVE STORY	32
ALICE DENHAM	34
CARTOONS	35
A PICNIC WITH NOVAK	37
I'LL SEE YOU IN YOUR DREAMS	40
FRENCH UNDRRESSING	43
WHEN LUST, LOVE AND LAUGHTER RULED PARIS	46

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diamond



dust...

Starting a new magazine is, in many respects, like having a baby. Of course, conceiving a new publication is entirely different from the basic process of creating an infant (not nearly so much fun, for one thing), but once the preliminaries are over the similarity is striking.

If anything, bringing forth a new magazine is even more complicated and involves even more people than childbirth. For instance, at the birth of a magazine there is not just one midwife in attendance, but many. Involved in the process of coaxing the puling publication into lusty life are such experts as editors, art directors, photographers, layout experts, artists, typographers,

proof readers, printers, binders and distributors. And, of course, The Publisher. The Publisher's role might best be likened to that of the Mother who undergoes untold anguish to bring forth what she fondly believes will grow up to be a great musician, President of the United States or renowned athlete, but more likely will turn out a burglar or drooling idiot. And, like the doting Mother, the Publisher will look adoringly at his offspring when it is delivered at hospital bedside (like new mothers, all Publishers wind up in the hospital after giving birth), and say: "Ain't it gorgeous!"

Of course, just as Mother (Continued on page 7)



In the hit "Damn Yankees," red-headed Gwen Verdon played Satan's assistant, a role in which she raised merry hell. Here Gwen shows how a girl can induce that devil-may-care attitude in a man.

WELCOME
to
JEM
with
a
Toast To
Gaiety, Beauty,
Entertainment
from
Betty Brasher



diamond



dust...



(Continued from page 4)

may wind up throwing stones at the old man when Willie reaches the age where he is chasing little girls up alleys, filching pennies from her pocket book and writing dirty verse on the walls, The Publisher may eventually fire all those who helped him bring forth his new magazine. But, for the nonce he is satisfied and at peace with the world, including even his staff.

* * *

Like a baby, a new magazine must be named. And friends and relatives of the Mother-Publisher will come forth with some bea^uts. Among those suggested for this publication were Suave, Debonair, Jewel, Gala, Fiesta, Carnival, Circus and a number of other equally eye- and ear-catching titles. The Publisher, however, liked Gem and since it is a time-honored custom to defer to the wishes of those who have just presented the world with a new offspring it was decided Mother Knows Best, and Gem it was. Until the matter came to the attention of a female member of the staff. She came up with that little touch that would occur only to a woman.

"Why not spell it JEM?" she suggested.

And so JEM it is. Which proves you should never underestimate the power of a woman, or the devastating effect of her touch.

* * *

At first it was planned to give JEM a slogan by which it could readily be identified. Something like "LS/MFT," "It Floats," "Even Your Best Friends Won't Tell You," or "They Satisfy." But the best thing we could think of was "All The Nudes That's Fit To Print," so that phase of the project was dropped.

* * *

Anyway, the new baby is home from the hospital and safely in the hands of you—its foster parents. We hope you like it. As for the staff, their attitude toward the new baby can best be summed up by what the hen told the square egg: "You were an awful pain, but I finally laid you."

* * *

DAFFY DICTIONARY

Rape (rāp), *n.* Poor salesmanship.

* * *

A most amazing case of Blind Justice, Murder Will Out, or whatever you want to call it, has just come to our attention. It concerns a now famous novelist, his then wife and a handsome young reporter.

At the time it happened, all were reporters on a metropolitan newspaper. For identification we will call the novelist Jim, his wife Irene and the young reporter Bill, because those are not (Continued on page 54)



A JEWEL FROM THE JEM BOX

Jayne Mansfield





Jayne's hanging out around an old-fashioned bathtub, the kind grandpappy used—sans Mansfield.

JAYNE MANSFIELD

Most men are agreed that Jayne Mansfield is the greatest thing for the male sex since the invention of the zipper. Old men who haven't quivered an eyelash at a girl since the Ziegfeld Follies of 1907 have been known to throw away their Lydia E. Pinkham Pills and assume fiendish leers after just looking at a picture of the female star of the New York stage smash "Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?"

Miss Mansfield, or more properly Mrs. Mansfield—she still retains the name of her divorced husband—burst on the Broadway scene with the blinding brilliance of an H-bomb explosion. And all the impact, too. Without trying, beyond a provocative wig-

gle of the hip or two, the Jayne had Broadway at her feet within a matter of hours.

Tough editors who ordinarily wouldn't run a one-column picture of Lady Godiva in uniform practically threw their crack photographers at the dazzling blonde, with the result that she has become one of the most photographed actresses of all time. But no one, absolutely no one, has captured Jayne in the intimate manner of JEM's cameraman.

We don't know whether or not success actually did spoil Rock Hunter, but all we can say is that if Jayne Mansfield didn't, then Hunter comes rightly by his first name. That's what he has in his head—rocks.



Jayne is Bustin' Out All Over and the lure of those wide-open spaces is most intriguing.

JAYNE MANSFIELD

*This suggests a song title . . . let's see
. . . oh, yes, Down Mammary Lane.*





This certainly looks like a switch—Jayne taking milk. Oh, well, cows have to live, too.

*Wonder what Jayne
and the cameraman
are planning with that
garter? We can't stay to see
because when you garter
go, you garter go.*



HOW TO BE A LOVER

WITH A DO-IT-YOURSELF KIT

BY FORCE BENNETT

No matter where you turn, these troubled days, you will see ads and articles and appeals—"Do it yourself," they scream.

About the only things that have so far escaped being marketed in do-it-yourself kits are love making and undertaking. This article has absolutely nothing to do with undertaking.

But love making is another story. There is no reason why a red-blooded American male shouldn't do it himself. *(Continued on page 50)*

ILLUSTRATED BY DWIGHT HOWE





THE QUIPPING POST

THE latest story in interplanetary travel circles has to do with the little Martian who made a forced landing near an air field and was promptly impounded by the Air Force. The Martian, a weird looking creature about two feet high with a green skin and purple eyes, was placed under careful study by scientists, who finally established communication with him. The Martian was brought before a panel of defense department brass for interrogation. Being obviously of superior intelligence, the little green man answered every question satisfactorily.

Finally he was asked, "How do you breed on Mars?"

The Martian looked puzzled.

"How do you reproduce your kind?" the query was reworded.

"Oh, that's simple," the little man from Mars beamed. "We have factories. One factory makes arms, another torsos, another heads and so forth—these are all shipped to an assembly plant and put together to make us. By the way, how do you do it here?"

The brass was at a loss how to explain the human reproductive act to their visitor from a far planet. After a hurried conference, it was decided the Martian might better be instructed by

allowing him to watch some human love making. A closed circuit television pick-up was arranged from the boudoir of a beautiful secret agent and the camera was turned on as she was visited by a young and eager male secret agent.

The little Martian watched entranced as the love making progressed. Finally, when the couple had just about reached an amorous climax, the man from Mars began to laugh hilariously.

"What are you laughing about?" he was asked.

"Ho! Ho! Ho! What do you know! On Mars that's the way we make automobiles!"

* * *

Two Hollywood producers meet on the street after a busy day at the studios. The conversation goes like this:

"Hello, Joe. How do you feel?"

"Terrible, Sam. I'm on my way to the doctor's now."

"What's your trouble, Joe?"

"I didn't make love to a girl all day!"

"Ohmigawd, I've got to get to my psychiatrist at once!"

"What's your trouble, Sam?"

"I didn't even think of making love to a girl all day!"

* * *

(Continued on page 56)



advice to the lovestorn



BY DON WAN

It was once truly said by Shakespeare (or was it Errol Flynn?) that beauty is only skin deep. In 1953 terminology, the same thought might be expressed as: "She's a beautiful babe, but dig that crazy skeleton."

In other words, gentlemen, the lassie with the classy chassis isn't always the best over the long haul. You must look beneath the lovely figure, the exquisite face, the romantic eyes. You must look to the character, if you want to find the real woman.

How do you discover character? That is, truly, the most difficult chore of all. And the only real test, the only foolproof method, is, sad to relate, time. Only by constant exposure can you tell what is going on in the mind of a maid. And then you generally find the answer is—not very much of anything.

There is a quicker way. It's the way I've always used, and my own matrimonial record (eighteen marriages, seventeen divorces and an annulment) is proof of its ineffectiveness. Simply ask the girl a series of questions. By her answers, you can get a quick index to her character. Here they are:

1. What do you want out of life? (If she says a home and children, she has matrimony in mind. If she says a mink and a Cadillac, you know what she's like. If she says she just wants to be near you, better ask a few more questions.)

2. Have you ever been in love before, and if so, how often? (Highly indicative question.)

3. Who do you like in the third at Tropical? (If she has an answer, she's either a horseplayer or a jockey, and chances are you don't want to marry either.)

Now to answer some of my voluminous mail:

Dear Mr. Wan:

I am a young man of 35. I have begun to be of an age in which I notice girls are different from boys. But I am a little worried about it all, as I understand some girls are good and some are bad. In what way are they bad and how can you tell one from the other?

Confused

Dear Confused:

You have asked a question that sorely needs to be answered. My boy, a girl often is compared to a tomato and the comparison is apt. Both are juicy, both tempting, both look good peeled and both can grow rotter on the vine. When a tomato is left sizzling in the summer sun too long, it grows soft and flabby and unpleasant to the touch. So does a girl. When that happens, we say she is a rotten tomato, or bad girl. Equally bad for a tomato is too much usage. You have seen them in the vegetable bin, these tomatoes that have been handled too often. They are.

Lili St Cyr

A JEWEL FROM THE JEM BOX



advice to the lovelorn



battered and ugly and not fit for human consumption. That, too, is a rotten tomato and there are bad girls who have been handled too much, too.

Now that you know the peril, the challenge is to detect a bad girl before it's too late. It's not easy. They have a way of concealing their badness through heavy applications of cosmetics, perfumes and other nefarious devices. But there are ways of seeing through such evil disguises.

Let me give you a few tips. Look deep into a young lady's eyes. If you detect purity and innocence, beware—you may have a bad girl on your hands. But, if you see something worldly and sophisticated—you can be almost positive you've come up with a bad girl.

Another infallible test: say to the young lady, "My dear, if you'd only come up to my apartment, I'd be delighted to show you some fine old snapshots." If she says, "Delighted, sir, I'm sure," she's either a bad girl or a photography fan. If she says, "You cad, NO!" then you can be certain she has absolutely no interest in photography.

But the best test is time. In fact, time is the only sure test. You must see the girl in every light, in good times and bad, in good moods and bad. Sooner or later, if she is bad, her badness will come to the fore. If she's good, she will continue to fascinate you. Eventually love will bloom—then what

does it matter if she's good or bad?

Dear Mr. Wan:

I am 21, tall, dark and handsome except for a deep scar on my head where my girl friend clouted me with a cuspidor. I've been nursing a grudge against both her and cuspidors since the incident. Should I hit her back? Do you approve of a man hitting a woman? Also, how can I get even with the cuspidor?

Tobacco Chewer

Dear Tobacco Chewer:

I'm afraid I don't have an opinion about cuspidors, one way or the other. But about hitting a woman, I have a very definite opinion. Do not, under any circumstances, hit a woman, except under these circumstances: you must be considerably larger and stronger than she; her hands should be tied behind her—preferably with strong rope—and you must have two powerful friends to assist you. Otherwise, buddy, it's just plain suicide.

Dear Mr. Wan:

I am a plain young man. My physique is plain, my face is plain, my personality is plain and I live on the plains in Iowa. But I have big ideas, namely a big blonde who lives nearby in Arkansas. To attract her, I'd like to jazz up myself a bit. Do you suggest a red feather in my hat, or a musical exhaust on my motor-scooter? Or what?

No-account Norman

(Continued on page 53)





A JEWEL FROM
THE JEM BOX

Anita Ekberg



STRANGER IN MY BED

BY SUMNER AHLBUM

ILLUSTRATED BY KEN WYETH

THE morning sun sneaking in through the venetian blinds woke up Peter B. Hitchcock. He grunted unhappily at the idea of facing the day, rubbed one eye with a knuckle, reached under the sheets to scratch himself, and slowly opened the rubbed eye.

It must be bloodshot, he thought to himself as he squinted at the morning. It would have to be to match the throb in his temples, a throb like somebody beating an empty jug with a bung starter. His lips felt dry and he licked them. They tasted like the sour dregs from the inside of that throbbing jug.

Peter B. Hitchcock groaned and flung an arm fretfully across the bed—and tensed to rigid stillness. There was

somebody else in bed with him. Under the blankets, where his idly-flung hand had landed, was a soft mound—the softness, not of a pillow, but of firm human life.

Now he forced open both eyes, and lying on his back, could feel the rhythm of breathing under his outstretched hand.

Without looking, he knew he wasn't home. At home he slept alone, in a twin bed. He focused on the ceiling; it was streaked with tired calcimine. Without turning his head, he could see wall paper; even in its present state of merciful fading, its once-gaudy flowers stamped it as something only the management of a third-rate hotel would stick on the walls.

The blinds that fought back the sunlight were streaked by some maid's haphazard dust cloth; the window glass had a patina of grime that helped the blinds keep daylight at bay.

Beside him, the prone figure still slept, motionless except for breathing and a momentary sigh, a murmur of a woman blissfully wrapped in sleep.

Peter B. Hitchcock tried to match the stillness while he prodded his hangover for clues to the night just gone. By moving his head carefully—a sudden gesture might not only awaken his mysterious stranger, but also stir up the bats lurking in his stomach—he could see an overstuffed chair. Its stained upholstery (Continued on page 57)

*Meet
Anita
Ekberg*

A JEWEL FROM
THE JEM BOX





YOU DON'T SAY!

"Women give themselves to God when the devil wants nothing more to do with them"

—*Sophie Arnould*

"Women, priests and poultry have never enough."—*Old proverb.*

"The souls of women are so small

That some believe they've none at all."

—*Samuel Butler*

- "I love men, not because they are men, but because they are **not** women."

—*Queen Christina*

- "A woman needs a stronger head than her own for counsel; she should marry."

—*Pedro Calderón de la Barca*

- "Women, deceived by men, want to marry them; it is a kind of revenge, as good as any other."—*Marquis de Beaumanoir.*

- "In this advanced century a girl of sixteen knows as much as her mother, and enjoys her knowledge much more."—*Anonymous*

- "Women, asses and nuts require strong hands."—*Italian proverb*

- "I have seen more than one woman drown her honor in the clear water of diamonds."

—*Countess d'Houdetot*

- "There are no women to whom virtue comes easier than those who possess no attractions."—*Anonymous*

- "What could a woman's head contrive, which she would not know how to excuse?"

—*Gottbold Ephraim Lessing*

- "A woman is seldom tenderer to a man than immediately after she has deceived him."

—*Anonymous*

- "I am glad I am not a man, as I should be obliged to marry a woman."—*Mme. de Staël*

- "Woman's tongue is her sword, which she never lets rust."—*Mme. Necker*

- "Woman's heart is like a lemon. They give a slice to everyone. The last gets the seeds."

—*Piedmontese proverb*

- "Women are rakes by nature and prudes from necessity."

—*François de le Rochefoucauld*

- "Marriage communicates to women the vices of men, but never their virtues."

—*François Charles Marie Fourier*

- "Women, cats and birds are creatures that waste most time on their toilets."

—*Charles Nodier*

- "Of all men, Adam was the happiest; he had no mother-in-law."—*Paul Parfait*

- "Most women caress sin before embracing penitence."

—*Jean Gaspard Dubois Fontanelle*

- "Men are women's playthings; women are the devil's."—*Victor Hugo*

- "A friendship between two women is always a plot against each other."

—*Alphonse Karr*

- "Where it is dark, women are all the same."

—*Piedmontese proverb*

- "Of all the wild beasts, on earth or in the sea, the greatest is a woman."—*Menander*

- "A girl of sixteen accepts love; a woman of thirty incites it."—*Antoine Ricard*

- "I will not affirm that women have no character; rather they have a new one every day."

—*Heinrich Heine*

- "Women are like chestnuts, beautiful outside, bad inside."—*Piedmontese proverb*

- "Virtue with some women is but the precaution of locking doors."

—*Pierre Edouard Lemontry*

- "Women distrust men too much in general, and not enough in particular."

—*Philipert Commerson*

- "Second thoughts are best. God created man, woman was an afterthought."—*Proverb*

- "I wish Adam had died with all his ribs in his body."—*Boucicault*



RE-JOYCE AT THE BAR

"Girls will B-Girls," believes Joyce Winfield. On her the role of bar girl looks good. So do a few other things. The blouse Miss Winfield is affecting should be worn open only by girls with an open mind. It is not recommended for casual attire around cocktail lounges frequented by Errol Flynn or travelling salesmen named Joe Smith. That is unless the wearer would relish sipping an *aperitif* or attending a matinee with Errol Flynn or a travelling salesman named Joe Smith. Miss Winfield is a model and television actress. She attended the Mount Vernon Junior High School and City College of Los Angeles before discovering that she had good points as a model and was capable of great fire in chest-heaving dramatic roles. She is five feet, three inches, weighs 112 pounds and measures 36-23-34½ in the usual charming places. As you can see, she adores cocktails, cocktail lounges, cocktail jewelry, cocktail dresses, etc., etc.

Joyce has been likened to an extra dry Martini with two large, luscious olives.





WHEN PROSTITUTION WAS A RELIGION

BY JAMES DUNCAN

ILLUSTRATED BY DWIGHT HOWE



Prostitution, that oldest and most scorned profession, wasn't always a profession, nor was it always scorned. At one time harlotry was an essential part of religion. Those who practiced it won the highest honors and made the most advantageous marriages. Those who refused to give their bodies freely in the name of the gods were dishonored and doomed to die unmarried. In those days a man who could truthfully say "Some of my best friends are whores" was moving in exalted circles, indeed.

Women were required to prostitute themselves in parts of Western Asia and on the island we now know as Cyprus in the name of Astarte, who was the semetic counterpart of the Greek's Aphrodite, the goddess of love and beauty who was the personification of all reproductive processes in nature. It was believed that if women propitiated the goddess by offering their bodies, their marriages would be fertile and their lives full. Failure to make peace with the goddess would result in a sterile life, according to the ancients.

All women of ancient Cyprus were required to prostitute themselves at the sanctuary of the goddess. In Babylon, the temple of Mylitta (the Babylonian name for Astarte) was always crowded with women from every walk of life waiting to prostitute themselves to any man who was inclined to pay for their charms. In this (Continued on page 51)



WOMEN WERE REQUIRED TO PROSTITUTE THEMSELVES IN PARTS OF WESTERN ASIA, ON THE ISLAND WE KNOW AS CYPRUS, IN BABYLONIA, GREECE AND ARMENIA



The Stag at Eve

The poem which begins, "The stag at eve..." might well have been dedicated to this luscious blonde from Georgia, for what stag in his right mind wouldn't like to be at Eve Meyer? This Eve has all the physical attributes of every member of her sex since her namesake was fashioned from a spare rib of Adam's way back in the beginning of mankind.

The original Eve led Adam into temptation through an apple, but this one wouldn't need the fruit to lure her man astray. She has other natural props that would prove more enticing, especially in these days of supermarkets when apples are only a few cents a pound. What this Eve has you can't buy at any supermarket, not even in Hollywood where almost any kind of fruit a man desires is readily available.

As the late George M. Cohan once said, "The only thing that will keep a man at home nights is a beautiful blonde." And the Meyer girl is just that. She has just what it takes to make every night at home a perfect EVENing.

Home Sweet Home would be just that, with appliances like Eve around.





Eve's beauty shines through a gossamer veil.



Eve is stretching, not reaching for an apple.




The veil is being removed, but Eve's there.

The Stag at Eve

You don't have to stretch your imagination to see Eve's finer points. Her great beauty is apparent to the naked eye. And, so they say, on a clear day you can see Catalina.



A full-page photograph of a woman with blonde, curly hair lying on her side on a shaggy, light-colored rug. She is wearing a white, sheer, off-the-shoulder dress and black strappy high-heeled sandals. She is holding a glass of red wine in her right hand and looking directly at the camera. In the background, a large, bright fire is burning in a brick fireplace. The overall mood is intimate and elegant.

A JEWEL FROM
THE JEM BOX

Eve Meyer

THE MOST DARING LOVE STORY EVER TOLD

BY GEORGE HAZLETON AS TOLD TO HAL HENNESEY

The most gifted man I've ever known was Bubamo, my Baganda guide and gun bearer. Yet, with all of his natural resources, Bubamo was a very unhappy man. After all, too much of a good thing can be a curse. Outwardly, clad in a pair of khaki shorts and cotton undershirt, he appeared little different from any of the other natives. A tall husky lad with the regal bearing of most Baganda tribesmen, he was about twenty when I hired him. For three months we roamed the Semliki jungles of Uganda together, and at no time did I suspect that Bubamo was a man among men—a man to envy and, at the same time, to pity.

I had no reason to suspect. As an ivory hunter my business was with elephants. Killing them, collecting the tusks and hauling them back to the Kampala market on the shore of Lake Victoria. With the price of ivory down to a dollar a pound, I was too busy making a living to give much attention to the problems of my native help. It was all I could do to buy ammunition.

But the day came when Bubamo's problem became mine. Midway through the season my little safari broke camp and, with our six tusks, headed back to Mkuki-Kubwa, the village that was my base camp. Because the Western Province of Uganda is fine elephant country, it was seldom necessary to go farther afield than twenty miles or so. My system was to locate a herd, take two or three bulls, then carry the tusks back to the village. This saved the expense of a large safari and at the same time kept my boys happy. There is nothing dearer to a Baganda than his woman. Or women. (Continued on page 58)



ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN MARTIN

A JEWEL FROM
THE JEM BOX

Alice Denham





"I'm so crazy about you, I think I'll kiss you right on the spot."



"If you want to get places with me, don't refer to me as a call girl."



"Isn't that J. J. Armbruster, head of the Light and Power Company."



"For the last time, Delbert, I never kiss goodnight on a first date."

A JEWEL FROM
THE JEM BOX

Kim Novak





A PICNIC WITH KIM

Kim Novak made her first real big hit in the movies in the film *Picnic*. In that picture, Kim was depicted as just an average girl, in an average small town (the things Hollywood can do!). Mama wants Kim to marry a millionaire, but the girl decides to marry a guy who has little or nothing in the way of worldly goods. Maybe she figured she had a million dollars worth of equipment of her own and didn't need a rich husband. From where we sit and what we see we'd say the girl was right.



The belt is waisted around Kim Novak, the glamorous Hollywood star.



This is the Novak version of a KIMono, otherwise known as a play suit. And what kind of play wouldn't suit the average man with this glamorous girl?



Kim looks cool and collected among the sheltering palms. Her icy beauty blends perfectly with the tropical setting.

A PICNIC WITH KIM



A picture of perfect poise and personality, Kim displays the qualities that zoomed her to stardom in the film "Picnic."

I'll see you in your dreams

BY BILL WARREN

ILLUSTRATED BY JACK LYONS

This is the story as Bob Russell wrote it to me. I don't know whether to believe it or not. Maybe it's just a hoax and Bob, always a practical joker, is laughing at me. Maybe the story is true, and Bob is praying like hell that I, one of his oldest friends, believe every word of it. Or maybe he doesn't give a damn now.

Anyway, here's the story, just as Bob wrote it to me . . .

Ever since I can remember, I've had a strange faculty. Only, in the beginning I didn't know it was a strange faculty. I thought it a perfectly natural thing to be able to project myself into other people's dreams.

When we were kids, I used to wander about a lot in your dreams, but nothing very exciting ever happened until you were older and I had learned not to talk about my odd ability, so I never mentioned it to you.

Children never talk about their dreams—that seems a pleasure reserved for adults—so the subject just never came up until after I was old enough to know better than to mention that I could go to sleep and dream myself right into someone else's slumber phantasies.

I guess I first realized I shouldn't talk about it after my experience with Miss Spencer. You remember that Miss Spencer we had in the fourth grade? The terribly strait-laced one who looked like an unused, rusted-out Grace Kelly?

Well, one night I wandered into a dream of Miss Spencer's, just when she was making love to Mr. Lutz, the principal. That was funny, because Mr. Lutz, as you remember, was a grim stuffed-shirt who looked like he wouldn't even let his own wife make love to him, let alone Miss Spencer. And I knew Miss Spencer didn't like him, because he didn't approve of her teaching methods and was always riding her about something.

But, in her dream, Miss Spencer was young and beautiful and she unlocked all the tenderness and passion

(Continued on page 54)



NO SMOKING



French Undressing

Monique Van Vooren isn't really French, she's from Belgium. But the singer who has performed at most of the country's better night spots and on coast-to-coast television broadcasts feels a bit of French undressing adds savor to the salad she serves. Besides that, her favorite pet is a French poodle. In fact, she likes anything French. Incidentally, before taking to the thin ice of show business, Monique was Junior Ice Skating Champion of Belgium for three years.



Monique puffs away at a cigarette and blows the smoke with typical French appeal and charm.

French Undressing



"It is to laugh," says the shining singing star.



"I am, as zay say in Americain, a real hip girl now."



Monique looks like a wistful little fistful in this.



The Gods showered talent and beauty on Monique.



When Lust, Love and Laughter Ruled Paris

BY AL MAYER

Most of us know of the Paris of today as a charmingly gay city of subtle appeal and delicate laughter. You should have been there in the late 19th century, when the capital of France was a rip-snorting, lusty, bawdy city in which lust, love and laughter—hearty, not delicate—were the order of the day.

"Laugh and the world laughs with you, weep and you weep alone," always has been the unofficial slogan of Gay Paree. Today, it is difficult to laugh in the face of H-bombs, guided missiles and other forms of utter destruction.

There was a time, however, when men prospered and there was no talk of war, when our planet went on a spree, with Paris the center of the merrymaking. Gaiety and laughter were the order of the day.

The 1900 Paris Exposition provided perhaps the grandest mass guffaw Europe has ever known. One of the attractions was a rolling platform which embraced the entire Exposition. Known as the *Troisième Rouland*, this platform revolved around the fair grounds. On it were benches, some facing the Exposition, others looking outward toward the street and adjoining apartment houses.

One day a lady and her five-year-old daughter were sitting on the benches facing away from the

(Continued on page 48)



Reine de Joie
par
Victor Joze

chez
tous les
libraires
Imp. Ed. ANCOURT & C^{ie} PARIS

When Lust, Love and Laughter Ruled Paris

(Continued from page 46)

Exposition, viewing Paris from their rolling conveyor. Suddenly the lady uttered a horrified shriek and covered her daughter's eyes, lest they be contaminated by a dreadful spectacle.

The sight that had shocked the lady was a rear view of a portly gentleman, completely naked, groping on the floor of his apartment. The indignant lady rushed her daughter away from the frightful scene and herself to a lawyer, who promptly entered a suit against the City of Paris, for allowing such a view to be exposed to the patrons of the Exposition, and against the occupant of the apartment, for indecent exposure.

A great array of legal talent was assembled on both sides of what was to become a *cause celebre*. Paris was defended by Maitre Labori, one of France's greatest lawyers, the very man who had defended Captain Alfred Dreyfus at Rennes in his trial for treason.

During the course of the trial, it was established that the lady had taken a second ride on the *Trottoir Rouland*, but whether to gather additional evidence or just to satisfy her curiosity was not determined. (Continued on page 52)







JEM

HOW TO BE A LOVER

(Continued from page 13)

Do not call in a specialist. Do not ask your handy brother-in-law to do it for you. Do not organize a cooperative with your neighbors. Do it your own sweet self.

It is easy. You will find, after a few fumbling attempts, that it can even be good fun. Perhaps the first few times it may be awkward and the result may be amateurish, but profit from experience. If at first you don't succeed, try, try again. A watched pot never boils. It's a small world.

And you'll discover that love-making, of all the indoor crafts, is perhaps the most satisfying. And certainly it is inexpensive, as a rule. Of course there are exceptions to the lack of expense; as with many hobbies, if you want to spend a lot of money, you can. Even stamp collectors can spend a lot of money on it. But normally, it is dirt cheap.

You need very little in the way of equipment. Most of us will have to purchase nothing in the way of new tools.

The best way to begin is to prepare the base. Like woodworkers need a good workbench, so do lovmakers. In France, they call it the "cote d'azur" which means "cot of azure." You know those Frenchmen. In Germany, it's known as "ach, der lieber Murphy bedden." Here in America, it's called, simply, "the pad." Go out and get yourself a comfy, quiet pad.

Atmosphere is also handy stuff to have around the house. Some people think that etchings make the ideal atmosphere. One guy couldn't afford etchings so he caught poison ivy and told every girl to "come see his itchings." Some supposedly expert romancers swear by music; others swear at music, having learned that some ladies unaccountably take to whistling if there's a musical background. The idea is to know your lady; if she's a whistler, keep the lid on the record player.

It is also a good policy to have a little snack handy. One of the nicest snacks—nourishing, too—is a bottle of bourbon. If

you can't get bourbon, beer or wine will do. One must keep up one's strength.

But all this preliminary work is only gilding the lily—or gilding the Lola, if that happens to be her name. There have been plenty of qualified romancers who did fine without any atmosphere whatsoever.

Here is what Prof. Igor Beavor has to say on the subject:

"Love is where you find it. Atmosphere? Pfui. All I need is a damsel, a quiet spot and—bango!"

This is all assuming that you have the damsel. Without a girl, love-making is rather difficult. So perhaps for the first lesson we should concentrate on obtaining a fair lady as your partner in this great test.

You will find it very easy to recognize a girl. She will be, most likely, wearing a dress. Her hair will be longer than yours. Her figure is slightly different. And she will automatically say "No."

Once you have spotted your quarry—let us call her, for simplicity's sake, Chastity Jones—there are several methods of approach. Let us start with the Cavalier, or You-Go-Your-Way, I'll-Go-Your-Way Approach.

Chastity is, let us say, seated on an aquamarine barstool. You are conveniently parked on the adjoining barstool, whiling away your time with a vermouth cassis and a dish of salted peanuts.

"They do serve fine drinks in this saloon, don't they?" you might say.

"No," she will say, splashing her beer sour in your face.

"Exactly what I said, they serve lousy drinks in this crummy dive," you answer, wiping yourself off with your initialed handkerchief.

"Listen, slob," she'll answer, "I think the drinks in this quaint little spot are just fine."

"Me, too," you'll say. "And now that we're fast friends, allow me to introduce myself. I am Wood B. Wolf."

"I'm Chastity Jones. Where's your pad?"

You see, that approach has one great advantage. Ladies like to be agreed with. If you can swallow your pride long enough to agree with one of the silly things, you're in like Flynn. (Joe Flynn, that is, now serving 5-to-10 for attempted rustling.)

Approach No. 2 is the All or Nothing At-All Approach, characterized by a hard-to-get outlook on your part.

Visualize the same scene, except now the barstools are burnt sienna.

"Hi, babe," you say, "I wouldn't touch you with a ten-foot pole."

"Ok, here's a 3½-foot pole," she'll answer.

"Solid," you answer.

"Yeah?" she'll say. "Where's your pad?"

Approach No. 3 is the Do Or Die for Dear Old Leavenworth Approach, in which one casts inhibitions to the wind.

We are again in the bar—lots of conceptions have their inception in bars—only this time the joint goes in for fuchsia stools. Ghashly.

"Look, miss," you say to Chastity on the next perch, "I've got a straight pitch to make to you."

"Lucky old me," she'll say.

"I've got a real live yen for you. I suggest we go up to my place—etchings, you know—and talk this whole bit over horizontally."

"Not on your tintype, I won't," she'll say. "We'll go up to my place."

Perhaps the approach that requires the most finesse, and one that an amateur should never try, is the Dynamite, or Poof, There Goes Virginity Approach.

Scene: Bar. (Lavender stools).

"Greetings," you say, making patterns on the bar with your glass.

"Ok, let's go," she'll say.

You see, this requires a man of much experience. It is in the way you say "Greetings" and in the phallic character of the rings on the bar that make your point. A wrong inflection or a wrong pattern and you'll find yourself on the seventh floor of the YMCA which is a fate that's pretty bad.

We have now come to the point where you and your lady—Chastity Jones—have arrived at your place. (Or her place.) The first thing to do is make yourself at home. Act like this is an overnight occurrence. Take off your tie. Your shoes. Your pants. That way, the whole evening becomes an informal frolic.

"Care for a snack?" you might say. "A nice informal snack, like a shot of bourbon?"

Don't wait for her reply. It is etiquette to be hospitable—so just shove the bottle at her. After she has her guzzle, wipe the neck of the bottle off—preferably with a linen napkin—and take a dainty swig yourself.

"Care for some music?" you next ask. (This, of course, only to non-whistlers.) Again, don't wait for her reply; go directly to the music box and turn it on.

"Care for a nap?" is the next question. Again, it must be impressed on you that these questions are rhetorical ones. Don't wait for a reply. Carry her into the bedroom, kicking and screaming, and put her on the pad. Naps are good for all of us. Turn out the lights, and make her take a nap.

When you wake up, you've come to a very vital part of this operation. And that is the fine art of getting rid of her. It is best to be direct. Don't ask for her phone number; phone numbers smack of permanence. Just say, "It's been nice. See you around some time."

It is quite possible that she may say, "Listen, you creep, if I ever see you around I'm going to run for my life. Or run for a cop." Or she may say, "Chauncey, this can't be the end for us. This night has been too delicious. This is only the beginning. Besides, my kiddies need a Daddy." Or she may say, "Just in case, Lloyd, sign here."

If she makes some such speech, indicating a strong desire to make a permanent alliance out of your avocation, your best bet is a firm, but tender, shot in the head.

"Chastity," you should say, "I appreciate your feelings and, believe me, this is going to hurt you lots more than it hurts me. But we must be brave. Remember, there's a war on or, if there isn't, there will be a war on somewhere soon. This is no time to be selfish about our personal matters. This is bigger than both of us.

"Now I suggest you go home and get a good day's sleep. Tomorrow night I'll meet you under the clock in the Albuquerque bus depot. Bring affidavit from your mother saying you're over 21. Or under 45 or something. If I'm a little late, don't worry. Lots of good jobs in Albuquerque.

"And remember this always—tonight has been."

By this time she'll get the picture. If she doesn't, there's only one thing to do. Give her another lesson.



WHEN PROSTITUTION WAS A RELIGION

(Continued from page 27)

case, the wages of sin were donated to the goddess, through the properly priestly channels, of course. Business was so brisk at Mylitta that some of the candidates for sacred harlotry had to wait years before finding a taker!

Another thriving temple of Astarte flourished at Heliopolis in Syria. Custom required that every maiden should prostitute herself to strangers at the temple, but it is on record that many married women gave evidence of their devotion to the goddess in the same manner. These matrons were not ridiculed as having decrepit husbands. Nor were they scorned as having insatiable sex appetites. And they were not

regarded as religious fanatics. They were simply good, sincerely religious women.

The Amorites had a law requiring every woman who was about to be married to "sit in fornication" (this in itself, if taken literally, is quite a trick) for seven days. In Bylbus, the oldest city in Phoenicia, the people shaved their heads once a year in mourning for Astarte's lover, who was known as Tamuz, Osiris, Attis, Adonis, etc., depending on the part of the world you were in. Women who refused to part with their locks were required to sacrifice their bodies to strangers on a certain day. The money they took in was donated to the goddess. History does not tell us that there were any C.P.A.s in Bylbus to keep records of the amount of hair shorn as against the amount of money poured into the coffers of the goddess, so these interesting statistics are not available.

In Armenia, the best families willingly, even eagerly, sent their daughters into long periods of religious prostitution before their marriages. A Greek lady, Aurelia Aemilia by name, gained great honor by

serving as a prostitute in the name of the gods, as had most of her female ancestors before her.

At Paphos, in Cyprus, religious prostitution is said to have been introduced by King Cinyras. Cinyras was the father of Adonis, who reputedly was the result of incestuous intercourse between Cinyras and his daughter Myrrha. Among the first religious prostitutes recruited by Cinyras were his own daughters, the sisters of Adonis. Cinyras, who apparently was the Rock Hudson of his day insofar as male beauty is concerned, is said to have been wooed by the same Aphrodite, or Astarte, who later developed a mad crush on his son Adonis, or Tammuz.

Incidentally, according to authorities on such matters, incest and incestuous marriages were probably not so much a matter of lust and passion in those days as they were of political convenience. In many countries, the royal line descended through the female. Fathers married their daughters to keep the royal prerogatives from going to an outsider upon the death of a queen.



"I tried my best to stop him. Mother, but he walked out on me." 51



JEM

Brothers married their royal sisters for the purpose of keeping the rule of the realm in the family.

Whatever motives were ascribed to the acts we now regard as cardinal sins, it is obvious that chastity was not regarded as a virtue among the ancients. In fact, chastity was regarded as a sin, a threat to the good will of the gods and peace on earth.

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ WHEN LUST, LOVE AND LAUGHTER RULED PARIS

(Continued from page 48)

The gentleman in question stoutly defended his right to bend in any position he chose and in any state of undress in his own apartment. He testified he had occupied the apartment for 20 years, long before the Exposition was built and had never given a thought to peeping Toms, male or female. Nor had he been giving a display of his physical charms for the benefit of riders on the *Troittoir Rouland* when the lady and her daughter espied him. He testified that he had been inserting studs in his shirt when one rolled to the floor. He had been on his hands and knees looking for it, he said.

The lady's statement that the sight she had beheld resembled the "rising sun over the Adriatic" was, in his opinion, gross exaggeration, although he admitted that he had never seen the sun rise over the Adriatic and he did weigh 125 kilos (about 250 pounds).

After days of deliberation and discussion, a verdict was rendered that might better have emanated from a prudish twentieth century American court than from a court of justice in wide-open Paris of the 90's. The lady recovered considerable damages, the court admonished residents of apartments adjacent to the Exposition to lower their shades in the future when on the floor naked in search of studs or for other reasons. Everyone was happy over the ver-

dict except the defendants, who had to pay damages, and the gay demoiselles of Paris who had been flocking to the *Troittoir Rouland* hoping to view another horrible spectacle or two.

About the time of the Exposition the Shah of Persia paid a visit to Paris. He was sensational, even in a sensational city. In full regalia, he wore a waistcoat studded with diamonds. It was his custom, while riding down the Champs Elysees to the Place de la Concorde and rue Royal in an open carriage, to pluck diamonds from his waistcoat and toss them to the crowds that lined the streets when he made an appearance.

It was said that the Shah had never laughed in his life, and certainly he was deadpan during the first days of his sojourn in Paris. This was a challenge to Parisians. The city determined to make the Shah laugh, by hook or crook. The Shah's face finally was busted wide open in the heartiest laugh that Paris had heard in many a decade. It happened at the Moulin Rouge, then at the height of its international reputation.

The Moulin Rouge has never had a counterpart. Although it didn't cater exclusively to tourists, tens of thousands of them flocked there from every part of the globe. Parisians, who do not ordinarily patronize what they call *boites de nuit*, became steady patrons.

Celebrities like Offenbach, de Maupas-



sant, Gauguin, Zola and Toulouse-Lautrec rubbed shoulders with rich Americans from Pittsburgh and potentates from the Orient. Racial, intellectual and financial barriers melted away in the contagious gaiety of the Moulin Rouge.

The Moulin Rouge had a star attraction in the person of a gentleman who billed himself as *Pete-O-Mene*. His act was unique, to say the least. He sidled onstage from the wings, facing the audience dressed in beautifully tailored evening clothes. Bowing to the audience, he announced that

he was a musician, that he could play any tune they requested, but since he was a patriotic Frenchman he would open with *Le Marseillais*.

At this point *Pete-O-Mene* would turn his back to the audience, disclosing a neat cutout in the pants of his evening dress which revealed his bare backside. After his audience had recovered from the delightful shock and merriment of the exposure, *Pete-O-Mene* played the French national anthem with the only instrument he had mastered—a wind instrument, his backside. True, he didn't sound exactly like a symphony orchestra, but expert musicians swore they could distinguish many instruments in his playing, particularly drums.

It was perfectly natural that the Shah, like every other tourist, should eventually find his way to the Moulin Rouge. *Pete-O-Mene* still topped the bill, but the night the Persian ruler visited the night spot he played second fiddle (did we say fiddle?) to the Shah.

When *Pete-O-Mene* stepped on the stage and went into his act, the Shah let out a roar of laughter that could be heard from Paris to Bagdad. From that night on, *Pete-O-Mene* dropped that name and became known as The Man Who Made the Shah Laugh. Not as expressive a designation as *Pete-O-Mene* perhaps, but better boxoffice. (Note: The words Shah and Chat, meaning cat, are pronounced exactly alike in French. It is conceivable that our expression "It's enough to make a cat laugh" originated with the *Pete-O-Mene* incident).

The Moulin Rouge, along with Max-ime, another spot made famous in the Gay 90's, still stands in Paris as a souvenir of the fabulous era that spawned it.

Paris of the happy-go-lucky age was a fine playground for American and English playboys. Consider the party given by Stanford White, famous as an American architect but perhaps better known as the shooting victim of Harry Thaw in a quarrel over the affections of Evelyn Nesbit. White's party, given at the Chat Noir, another fabulous night spot, took two years to prepare. During most of these two years, scouts were collecting multi-colored butterflies from Brazil and other out-of-the-way places. Shipped to Paris, these butterflies were kept alive and healthy in special rooms where a steady heat, similar to that of their native habitat, was maintained.

The night of the party, the butterflies, literally thousands of them, were released to make a beautiful sight for the diners. Of course they all died a few hours after being let loose from their specially heated rooms.

The butterflies were released from a huge pie, which was raised from a trap door through the center of the banquet table. A bevy of unclothed beauties stepped out of the pie simultaneously with the release of the butterflies.

Not to be outdone, London had a famous party for Madame Rejane, a noted French actress, at the Ritz. On that occasion, the lobby of the hotel was flooded and guests were served in gondolas while an orchestra played on an improvised island in the miniature reproduction of the Grand Canal of Venice.



Some of the more conservative restaurants had interesting features, too. At the Cafe des Anglais, for instance, there were no menus. An assistant chef came to your table to take your order. If they didn't have what you wanted, you could order anything else in the house—free of charge.

Paris naturally abounded with houses of pleasure since prostitution was entirely legal. The *creme de la creme* of the world's oldest profession operated from Armanonville. This was a charming spot in the Bois de Boulogne, near Paris. Unlike anything ever known in the United States Armanonville was an exclusive spot where meals, *aperitifs* and even tea were served *al fresco*.

The most gorgeous prostitutes in Europe used to drive to Armanonville about five o'clock each afternoon. They came in their own carriages, some with footmen as well as drivers. They seated themselves and nibbled little cakes as they sipped tea, waiting for a gentleman of sufficient means to bid for their services. They were the equivalent of our high-priced call girls, only the French had a much nicer name for it. They called them *les mesdames*.

There was one Oriental who came to Paris for laughs and got them, but only for himself. Arriving with a bevy of beauties he referred to as his concubines, the Oriental and his entourage soon were ensconced in an entire floor of a luxurious hotel. Before long he was received everywhere.

Strangely enough, this Oriental had an

aversion to gambling. He preached against it on every possible occasion. Although he quickly became a member of all the leading clubs where gambling was rampant, he never touched a card—just looked on in disapproval.

This went on for two years, then an astonishing story was told to the Prefect of Police by a young man with a conscience. This young man told the gendarmes that the Oriental was an expert at cheating. The Oriental had been teaching the young man the tricks of the trade when the lad's conscience impelled him to expose his instructor to the police.

The youth told the police that the Oriental had been going from club to club every night, detecting the cheaters. Instead of exposing the cheaters, he would report his findings to an associate who lived in a dingy room in the Montmartre sector. The associate in turn would notify the cheats that their secret would be exposed unless they kicked in half their winnings. It was a neat, and foolproof form of blackmail.

The Oriental left Paris with his ladies just before the Police got around to investigating the affair. The associate from Montmartre was arrested, but there was nothing the Police could pin on him because he wasn't a member of a single club, nor had he ever been known to play.

Safely away from the Paris he had bilked, the Oriental enjoyed the hearty laugh that was the order of the day in the French capital. But he was the only one in the whole affair who did get a chuckle out of it.



ADVICE TO THE LOVEWORN

(Continued from page 18)

Dear No-account Norman:

If it's a choice between the two methods you suggest, I'd put the red feather on the scooter, and put the musical exhaust on your hat. That should command attention. But actually, my lad, you don't have to remain plain, you know. Plainness is only a symbol of inferiority complexes. All you have to do is think you're important and good looking and a whiz with the ladies. If you think it strongly enough, your plainness will vanish. Of course, you may continue to be as inferior as hell, but nobody will notice. To encourage yourself, change your appearance a bit. Change the way you comb your hair (if you have any). Grow a mustache, if you don't have one, and if you can. Get a new suit. Any physical altering of

your looks—which obviously dissatisfy you as they are—will be bound to make you feel more confident. But let's face it—it may change you from simple plainness to complete repulsiveness. It's a gamble, but you have nothing to lose.

Dear Mr. Wan:

In books and stories, I've always read about a "love potion." Is there really such a thing? If so, where can you get it, how much does it cost, and how many girls per gallon can you get?

Thirsty

Dear Thirsty:

I hate to disillusion you, but there ain't such a drink around. Some men will tell you that Bourbon makes things pick up a trifle, and I've had a bit of luck with it, myself. But it actually isn't a love potion; it's more of an inhibition-loosener. The only substitute for a love potion I can suggest is to use a jigger of diamonds with a mink chaser. That serves the same purpose.

Dear Mr. Wan:

I am a 15-year-old girl. I want to know how to attract men.

Eager

Dear Eager:

It's simple. Grow up to 18.

Dear Mr. Wan:

I do not know why I am unsuccessful with girls. On dates, I am the soul of courtesy and kindness. I am never crude or forward. I am decent and clean. I chew sen-sen, chlorophyll and peppermint. It makes me dizzy, but sweet-smelling. The only thing I can think of that might make me unpopular is a slight physical peculiarity. Have you any suggestions for me?

Three-Shoulder Noonan

Dear Three-Shoulder Noonan:

I think you should omit the peppermint.

Dear Mr. Wan:

May a girl get some advice from you? I am quite popular with the boys. My mother said I was too free with my kisses, so I started charging a nickel apiece. Now Mom wants a percentage. But I think she's just saying that so I'll stop kissing the boys so much. Do you think I'm bad?

Rich Rosie

Dear Rich Rosie

A few kisses can't make you "bad." They just indicate either (a) an open and generous nature or (b) that you like kissing. Neither of those are bad traits. In fact, I'm all for it. Speaking as a boy (well, anyhow, as a man who used to be a boy) I must say that I think kissing girls is a grand way to spend an evening. And there's no reason why it shouldn't be a vice-versa-type pastime. All you have to do is make sure this



JEM

kissing business doesn't lead you into paths that will really be "bad"—like collecting fraternity pins, taking dope or chronic chapped lips.

Dear Mr. Wan:

I've been going out with Sophie for three weeks now. The other night, after I took her home, we were sitting in her living room. Suddenly she turned out the lights and said, "OK, Herman, it's your move." We weren't playing checkers at the time, so what did she mean?

Playboy

Dear Playboy:

Sophie was just hinting, son. And if you can't guess what she was hinting at, maybe next time you'd better bring that checker board.

Dear Mr. Wan:

I've never gone out with a girl alone before. I've been to school dances and things, but never had a real date. What is the best thing to do with a girl?

Beginner

Dear Beginner:

The second-best thing is to go to the movies.



DIAMOND DUST

(Continued from page 6)

their names.

Bill was having a hot and heavy affair with Irene, which was known to everyone on the paper except, of course, the cuckold husband. The paper assigned Jim, his wife and a photographer to do a story on a nudist camp that was operating in the suburbs.

The photographer selected as his base of operations an abandoned house which afforded a clear view of the nudist camp grounds. Irene and her husband enrolled as members of the camp. Bill, the young reporter, was not assigned to the story with his married girl friend and her husband.

For several days Jim and Irene roamed the nudist camp naked, gathering material for their story, while the photographer, with the help of a telephoto lens, snapped pic-

tures of all the disrobed members roaming about the grounds. The assignment finally was completed and Jim, Irene and the photographer returned to the paper.

While Jim and his wife were busy grinding out the copy for their exposé of the camp, the photographer was in the dark room developing and printing his sensational pictures.

When the photographer had finished his darkroom chores, he brought the prints to the city editor. In the manner customary to city rooms, everyone crowded around the city editor to view the revealing pictures, including Jim, his wife and Bill.

The city editor turned over one after another of the pictures to the oohs and ahs and giggles of the other employees. Finally he flipped over one in which plainly could be seen the back, but not the face, of a comely wench with attractively developed buttocks.

Involuntarily Bill, the impetuous young reporter, jabbed a finger at the buttocks and gasped, "Why there's Irene!"

And those are the bare facts of how the cuckold Jim found out young Bill knew more about Irene than he should have. And that's why he got a divorce and now has become a most important novelist.

• • •

Then there's the one about the fellow who went into the lingerie shop to get his girl a wired brassiere—but couldn't remember whether she was AC or DC.

• • •

About twenty years ago a friend of ours on a sightseeing tour in Arizona visited an Indian reservation where they pointed out a middle-aged redskin who was supposed to have a remarkable memory. Determined to test the Indian's memory, our friend approached him where he sat stolidly before his wigwam and asked, "What did you have for breakfast on December 17, 1901?"

"Eggs," answered the redskin without hesitation.

Before our friend could ask further questions, he was called away to catch the bus in which he was making the sightseeing tour. As he thought over the Indian's answer, our friend became more and more convinced that what had at first seemed a remarkable feat of memory probably was not.

He probably eats eggs for breakfast every morning, our friend thought, so his answer didn't prove a thing. If I ever see him again I'll give him a real test, he determined.

Just last month our friend again visited the same reservation. There saw the same Indian, sitting in the same position in front of the same tepee as twenty years ago.

Our friend approached the Indian and,

feeling that he now knew the redskin, greeted him with "How?"

"Sunnyside up," answered the Indian.

Or that's what our friend told us.

• • •

Another friend of ours, this one a lady, pulled what we consider the supreme squelch on the man behind the bar at a midtown New York saloon.

"You are," she told the publican who had displeased her, "the kind of bartender I would give to a Mickey Finn."



I'LL SEE YOU IN YOUR DREAMS

(Continued from page 40)

that had been caged up inside her for 30 years. She knew I was there, but didn't care. She just kept right on making love to Mr. Lutz. Maybe the rest of you kids had to learn the facts of life from back alley conversation, but I got my knowledge watching Miss Spencer. And what a teacher!

In school next day, Miss Spencer kept looking at me in a funny way. Sort of half as though she detested me and half as though I reminded her of something very sweet and dear.

That was one of the days she made me stay after school. When all the other kids were gone and she was talking to me about improving my arithmetic, I couldn't help blurring out, "Gee, Miss Spencer, you and Mr. Lutz sure had a lot of fun last night!"

Miss Spencer turned pale, then red.

"You nasty little boy, you!" she shouted, slapping my face hard.

Then she began to cry. Right after that she resigned and went somewhere else to teach. Everybody said it was because she couldn't get along with Mr. Lutz. I think she is the only one, up to now, who ever had any idea what I could do, because after that I kept my mouth shut.

What happened with Miss Spencer not only taught me to keep quiet about what went on in other people's dreams, but also gave me a sense of power. I began to realize that I could find out things about people that they didn't want anybody to know and use this knowledge in subtle forms of blackmail.

You remember how I could get you to do almost anything I wanted just by mentioning the name of the girl you were secretly in love with at the time? You knew if you didn't do what I wanted, I'd tease you—in front of people, if necessary—and mention names. That's the way I worked it as a kid.

Of course, as I grew older I found out that in dreams people were represented by their subconscious minds and would reveal things unknown to the conscious and therefore, unknown to the dreamers themselves. Not only that, I discovered that, in their dreams, I could influence people through their subconscious and make them do and think as I wished without realizing why.

That's the way I shot up so fast at Barkley, Brown and Craddock. I not only planted in old man Barkley's subconscious the idea that I was the best man the firm ever had, but I influenced customers to throw their business to me the same way.

You fellows used to laugh at me for always studying psychology, psychiatry and the like just to go in the investment business. Now you know why.

Of course, sometimes the results of my dream probing weren't pleasant.

Take Doris, for instance. Everybody was surprised when I married her. Nobody thought I'd grab off the prize packet in that year's marriage mart, and I wouldn't have if I'd been just an ordinary person.

I got her by working while the other, better looking and more successful, suitors were sleeping—and so was Doris.

I didn't waste much time courting her while she was awake. There was too much competition. But in her dreams I danced constant attendance. I made her subconscious think I was the finest fellow and the greatest lover that ever lived.

After we were married, Doris often used to say, "I don't know *what* makes me love you so."

I knew. And now so do you.

It was when Doris started dreaming every night about Mitch Crocker, the one she married after our divorce, that I left her.

I know a lot of people have blamed me for leaving Doris—I heard about it in their dreams—but I hope you now understand that there was nothing else for me to do under the circumstances.

That's what I mean about not all the results being pleasant, but I didn't mind losing Doris too much because it was about that time that young Jim Carson became my friend.

You think you know all about Jim—college football hero, successful in business with my firm, engaged to a beautiful deb, my best friend and all that stuff that has been printed over and over again in the papers. There are some things about Jim you don't know, and I wouldn't have known had it not been for my probing into his dreams.

I liked Jim from the very day he came



"Fine, Helen! And could you bring another girl, too? I been long at sea!"

with Barkley, Brown and Craddock a rosy-cheeked kid fresh out of college. I liked him so much that I decided to respect his privacy, not to move into his dreams. That is, until Mildred came into the picture. Mildred, old man Craddock's daughter who thought she loved Jim because he was young and virile and handsome.

Jim was extremely sensitive, something I was sure Mildred did not realize and would not have appreciated had she known. He needed someone who would respect his moods, laugh when he was gay, console when he was sad. Someone who would lavish care on him and love him physically to a degree I knew was impossible for Mildred.

It was because I knew I must prevent the marriage that I began getting into Jim's dreams. I was trying to find a weak spot in him that would give me something with which I could force him to break the engagement. Or, failing that, I planned to plant in his subconscious an aversion to Mildred.

I could find no weakness in Jim. Even in his dreams he was unbelievably perfect. I decided the only thing I could do would be to create in his subconscious a contempt for Mildred.

I'll never forget the first time I mentioned it to him in his dreams. I laid a fatherly arm on his shoulder and looked straight into his clear, blue eyes.

"Jim," I said, "you know I care for you very much."

He gave me a surprisingly tender pat on the cheek. I patted his cheek. He put his arm around my shoulder.

"I know it. You are a dear, dear friend," he answered.

Encouraged, I told him, "Mildred is not good for you."

"Oh, let's not talk about her now. I so enjoy being with you, let's not waste a moment."

This proved surprisingly agreeable to me and we sat in our dream side by side throughout the night, talking of each other. It was a very pleasant dream.

The next day I could notice no change in Jim's attitude toward Mildred. The same disgusting cooing over the telephone. The same raving about Mildred to everyone. It was nauseating. I knew I would have to work on Jim in his dreams some more.

That night I again visited his dreams. We embraced each other affectionately.

"Jim," I told him sternly, "we must talk about Mildred."

"Oh, let's not," he said pettishly.

"We must," I insisted. "I'm going to put it very bluntly. Either you give up Doris or me. If you marry her, I'll go away and you shall never see me again."

Jim blanched. "I couldn't stand that!" he cried.

"That's the way it is," I shrugged.

Jim put his head on my shoulder and started to cry. I held him in my arms and comforted him as best I could.

"I'll give up Doris," he sobbed.

I kissed him gently on the cheek. He kissed me back. It was a delicious dream.

The next day Jim did not come to the office and could not be reached by phone. I went to his apartment. I found him quite drunk.

"I broke off with Mildred," were the



JEM

first words he mumbled. I patted him consolingly. He poured another drink.

"She wasn't good for me," he said.

I sat next to him, draped my arm around his shoulder and nodded my head in agreement.

"I dunno what I'll do now," he mourned. I squeezed his shoulder and he peered at me through bloodshot eyes.

I took his hand in mine. "There are other things in life," I told him. He looked at me again.

"What?" he asked.

"Oh, books, music, the companionship of men." I squeezed his hand affectionately. This time there was doubt in his eyes.

I placed my hand on his knee. "There are more things in life than you know or realize," I said.

Jim lurched to his feet. "Just what do you mean?"

I stretched back languorously and asked, "Why waste your time on someone like Mildred when there is true love in the world?"

"You mean . . .?"

"Yes."

He lunged at me. "You God-damned fairy!" he screamed as his fingers closed around my throat. He was squeezing the life out of me when I grabbed the heavy ash tray and hit him on the head. It was self defense, but who would believe it?

I couldn't tell my lawyer, let alone the jury, what happened. But I hope you, my oldest and best friend, will believe it and understand.

I'm glad I had time to finish this. They are coming now to take me to the chair.



THE QUIPPING POST

(Continued from page 14)

The pretty little teen-ager went to her family doctor for an examination, which disclosed she was pregnant. She

begged the doctor to perform an abortion.

"I've never done a thing like this before, but because I brought you into the world and know and respect your mother and father, I'll do it just this one time. By the way, who is the boy?"

"Johnny M.," confessed the girl.

The operation was a success, but a few months later the girl was back again in the same condition. Once again the doctor agreed to the operation because of her family and once again his query as to who was responsible drew the response: "Johnny M."

When the girl appeared before the doctor in the same condition for the third time, the medico was exasperated.

"This Johnny M. keeps getting you into trouble," he pointed out, "so why don't you marry him?"

"Oh, I couldn't do that!" gasped the girl in horror.

"Why not?"

"He don't appeal to me!"



The eminently respectable Mr. Smythe had had one or two drinks too many before taking his wife to the important Broadway opening. As a result, he felt the call of nature midway of the first act. Excusing himself from his spouse, he weaved his way back to the back of the theatre and asked an usher directions to the men's room.

"Go through that door," instructed the usher, "turn right, then make a left turn, go through the second door on the right, then up two steps to the right—and there it is."

Needless to say, the befuddled Mr. Smythe became hopelessly lost about the second turn. But he kept wandering around through corridors and doors until he finally came to a secluded tree, which, in the semi-darkness, suited his purposes admirably.

Having completed his mission, Mr. Smythe once again wandered around aimlessly until he found himself once again in the theatre. As he seated himself next to his wife, he noticed the second act was already on.

"How did the first act end?" he asked her.

Mrs. Smythe shot him a cold glance. "You should know. You were in it."



The city slicker was driving along the country road when he encountered a farmer having difficulty with a cow. The city man stopped his car and offered his assistance.

"You can help me, if you will," the farmer told him. "This cow's about to calf and it would help a lot if you'd hold her head while I help her at the other end."

The city man complied and the calf was delivered with a minimum of difficulty.

"That's the darndest thing I ever saw," said the city slicker when the operation was completed. "But tell me one thing. How fast was that little cow going when it hit the big cow?"



Cholmondley Carruthers-Dingbat, a very distinguished Englishman, got out on the town one night and gathered under his belt a goodly supply of alcoholic beverage. In the course of his pub-hopping he finally wandered into a Soho dive and seated himself at the bar beside an old girl who was at least ten years the senior of Mr. Carruthers-Dingbat and somewhat frumpy to say the least. But, to Mr. Carruthers-Dingbat, in his condition, she looked exceedingly fair and fresh, so he offered to buy her a drink, which she accepted with alacrity.

Encouraged, Mr. Carruthers-Dingbat edged his bar stool a bit closer to hers—and bought her another drink. Then he placed his arm around her shoulder—and bought another drink. Far from protesting Mr. Carruthers-Dingbat's familiarity, the old bag seemed to encourage it. Emboldened by his success,

Mr. Carruthers-Dingbat placed a hand on her knee. The lady responded by dealing him a resounding smack across the face.

"Mind your manners, governor," she warned. "Bosoms first, y'know!"



Pat had become interested in reincarnation by reading *The Search for Bridey Murphy*. But even after reading the best seller he wasn't quite sure what reincarnation was, so he asked his friend, Mike.

"Reincarnation is when you die and come back to this earth in some other form," explained Mike. Pat still looked dubious.

"Let me give you an illustration," Pat said. "Suppose you were to die. Then you'd be reborn as a blade of grass. While you're a blade of grass, waving away in the meadow, a cow comes along and eats you."

Pat nodded his understanding.

"In due time you pass through that cow and come out in a neat little pile in the middle of the meadow. One day I come walking through the meadow and almost step into the neat, round pile. But I see you just in time, so I draw back, look down at the pile and say, 'Hello, Pat. You ain't changed much!' That's reincarnation."

STRANGER IN MY BED

(Continued from page 21)

was almost hidden in a froth of clothes.

The sight made him raise his head a little for a better look at what was on the chair. The clothes, he saw, belonged to a lady—not a lady of the night, but definitely a lady in the finer connotation. The dress was silk and its expensively simple lines, he decided, spelled Fifth Avenue, even when tossed carelessly across a chair. The bra and the pants and the slip were silk and frilly—not blatantly come-hither like the frills a hustler would flaunt, but white and edged with lace that spelled money and taste.

They were blatant, he realized, in one sense: In the shabby surroundings of the strange bedroom, they were as startlingly out of place as a nude girl in the men's room of a subway station.

He let his head roll so his eyes could follow his outflung arm. His hand, he saw, rested on a gentle swelling under the blanket that could only be the curve of a hip. Above it, the covers had fallen away; he could see a bare arm crooked gracefully upwards across a cascade of blonde hair; the blondeness, Peter Hitchcock noted in passing, was for real. Under the curve of the arm he could see the bulge of a firm breast, a hint of the strawberry tinge that would surround a nipple.

Wide awake now, he probed his cobwebbed mind for fragments of last night.

It was not a new experience for Peter Hitchcock to wake up this way. More often than not, when he stopped off at parties on his way home, the parties wound up in a night on the tiles. He fancied himself something of a Don Juan, and it was not all fancy. To a properly primed lass, his robust build and cozy manners promised a

robust and cozy dalliance under the blankets. For the more calculating ladies, his open-handedness at the bar promised more material rewards.

What bothered him at the moment was not the situation in general, but the fact that the girl did not fit the surroundings. Had she seemed to match the wallpaper, for instance, he would simply have winced at his peccadillos, steeled himself against the seething of hangover, and departed quietly, carefully avoiding a face-to-face reminder of how he had spent his virility.

This time, however, little patches of memory broke through the hangover haze and left a reflection of dimly recalled ecstasy.

The evening's beginnings were indistinct in his mind, except that it was a cocktail party and then a kaleidoscope of bars, and enough good bourbon to stir eagerness in his loins and spark his strategy of conquest.

He could remember that somewhere, well along in the night and the bourbon, there was an exceptionally beautiful woman—a beauty magnified by the paradox that she was warmly familiar and at the same time pulsatingly different.





JEM

Although his head still throbbed, when he shut his eyes he could feel that the rest of his body was relaxed, that the senses in his loins had the pleasant slackness of fulfillment. He could not recapture the complete reasons for that feeling, but he knew it had not been just another slap-dash performance.

It had been powerful and fine, he was sure; something that brought back an old closeness and yet was replete with responses of a new eagerness.

Peter B. Hitchcock no longer felt the way he usually did on stark mornings in dreary, catch-as-catch-can hotel rooms. He knew he had to look at this woman whose body lay curled in sleep under his arm. What little he could remember was enough to make him want to explore the future.

As he lay there thinking, the blankets beside him stirred, and he reared himself up sideways on one elbow. The blankets slid further down, revealing long thighs and more bloneness. Peter's hand now rested on bare flesh, warm and smooth.

The woman who had been a stranger under the blankets suddenly rolled over and opened her eyes wide to face him.

For a blank moment she stared, unbelievably. Then she shrieked. It was a shriek that mingled laughter with overtones of surprise, disgust and revenge.

"My God!" she said. "It's you, Peter!"

Peter just lay there on his elbow. He couldn't move. His morning after mouth was suddenly full of sawdust, and cold realization made a fist in his belly.

He fought back at his stomach while he tried to think of something to say to the woman who had been a stranger under his blankets—and who was also Mrs. Peter B. Hitchcock.



THE MOST DARING LOVE STORY

(Continued from page 32)

Deprive him of sex for very long and he becomes balky. He may even desert you in the middle of an important trek.

When we reached Mkuki-Kubwa, I told the natives they were free for three days. With childish shouts of glee, they dashed off to their *nyumbas*, the thatched mud shacks that formed the circular village. All but Bubamo. He asked me if there was some work for him to do till we left town again.

Wondering, I told him he could restack the ton of ivory piled in the storehouse. When I left him, the big fellow was squatting moodily before the shed, staring at the ground. It was mighty strange conduct for a Baganda. I knew he wasn't married, but that didn't mean a thing. In fact, it was all the more reason why he should have been at home preening himself for the night's festivities. Then I dismissed the tracker from my mind as Doc Hanrahan surged out of his little mission house and beckoned to me.

A medical missionary, Michael Hanrahan is one of the true builders of Africa. For one thing, he's more interested in saving lives than souls. For another, he's a real man—and doesn't let himself forget it. His liquor cabinet is a thing of beauty, and so is his dark houri of a housekeeper, Koola.

Now he shook my hand as though I'd been away for a year instead of only a week. "Welcome home," he boomed in his hellfire-and-damnation voice, "Koola's got dinner on. Her young brother, Mbigi, speared a klipspringer today—she barbecued the little brute. The klipspringer, not Mbigi!" His laughter shook the top branches of the giant baobab that shaded the house. "Come on inside—we'll dredge a channel for it." He mixed a couple of highballs while I made myself comfortable on the screened porch.

The quick jungle dusk clamped down as we finished the last of Koola's excellent klipspringer. From the village circle came the sound of drumming and rhythmic shouts.

We waited until the activity got well under way, then nosed across the circle to watch. The men did all the dancing. Wearing mere G-strings or shorts—or less—they gyrated about a leaping fire. There was no mistaking the significance of the dance, either. The average missionary

would have turned scarlet. The "Fairly Reverend" Hanrahan, as he called himself, never batted an eyelash. He was used to it.

The women of the village sat in a three-deep semi-circle at one side. They took no part except to clap their hands to the beat of the drums. Most of them were clad in breast-to-knee calico togas. Some of the younger ones, however, had cut off a couple of feet of calico from one or both ends. What with the sensual throbbing of the hide drums, the openly passionate antics of the dancers and the leaping shadows of the fire, it was quite a spectacle.

After an hour of it, the entire crowd of about a hundred had worked itself into a sweaty pitch of feverish excitement. Suddenly one of the men, at the end of an incredible leap, bolted from the ranks. He darted in among the women and seized one by the arm. Half rising to meet him, the girl allowed herself to be jerked to her feet. The two of them went tearing off beyond the firelight. . . . Another, then another couple followed.

Ten minutes later the circle was empty except for the Doc and myself.

On the way back to the house we passed the shed that held my ivory. In front of it, a black figure crouched mute and motionless. "Bubamo! what the hell—" I muttered. Apparently the young tracker had remained exactly where I'd left him in the afternoon.

He looked up, saw who was with me, then shuffled to his feet, the handsome black face disfigured by dejection. Nodding shortly, he lurched away into the shadows.

The Doc and I stared at one another. Something mighty serious was ailing the youth. Mike and I were both responsible for finding out what it was. We picked our way back to the house in silence.

About noon, next day, Mike returned from his usual morning stroll through the village. Slumping into a chair next to me, he chewed at the inside of his cheek. "I know what's wrong with Bubamo." He said it as though he'd just uncovered a plot to blow up Westminster Abbey. I waited.

"Have you," he asked, "ever seen Bubamo?" He shrugged. "Naked, I mean." I nodded again. "Once."

The Doc raised an eyebrow. "Then you—know about him."

I looked stupidly at him. And then it struck me. "Oh—you mean—"

Mike held up his hand. "That," he said, "is what I mean. It's the cause of all Bubamo's complaints. Believe it or not, that unlucky fellow is still a virgin! Not a woman in the village will have anything to do with him."

"You don't mean t' say he's tried every woman in the village!"

Mike never cracked a smile. "Every single one—and most of the married ones. The other men, once they learned his problem, came through like true friends. In fact, old Kibutaseete, the headman, loaned Bubamo all five of his wives, one night. Sounded like a jackal in a hencoop, with the women trying to get out the door all at once."

"My God," I said. "What if he has to go through life like that?"

We sat smoking our pipes in sympathetic silence until lunch time.

Unless you understand something of Africa and its people, the whole thing might seem pretty immoral business. I'll admit that the Bagandas are somewhat less inhibited than many of the other tribes. Pre-marital sex relations are encouraged, and no couple would think of getting married unless they knew beforehand that they'd make good pallet partners. As I see it, these backward natives merely do openly what we practice in secret and in shame.

Two days later, when I pushed off into the bush again, Mike hadn't reached a solution to Bubamo's problem. As I rolled up my hammock, I told him Bubamo had only that morning refused to go along with me. "Right now," I said, "he's sitting in front of his old man's house—won't talk to anybody, won't even eat."

The Doc hauled his beatup old rucksack out of its locker and began tossing things into it, shaving kit, flashlight, a Bible and a couple of prayer books. "I'm starting on my monthly tour of the villages," he muttered. "If we don't do something about that boy quick, he's going to rape somebody. Or kill himself." I watched as he rode away down a jungle trail carrying only the rucksack, a small medical kit and slug-loaded shotgun.

I set off in the opposite direction. One of my scouts had reported a nice herd of elephants only a day away from town. I wanted to get a couple of the bulls in a hurry. So I could get back and see how the Bubamo affair turned out.

I was away eight days. That herd led me a merry chase. Then, after collecting another 300 pounds of ivory, I had taken an extra day to capture myself a cheetah.

I had always wanted one of these wonderful "hunting leopards," whose head and pelt are those of a cat, but whose body and non-retractile claws are quite doglike. So

far I had never managed to come across a young one at the right time. Now, on the way home, I stumbled upon a cheetah's lair. It contained two spotted balls of yellow fluff, both cute as hell. It also contained the mama cheetah, and she was not cute. She was pure hell—with fangs. It took some doing to hold the old lady at bay while I retrieved one of the cubs.

Arriving at the mission house again, I found that Doc Hanrahan had beaten me back by a day. His sunburned face was crinkled into a thousand smiling creases as he ran out of the *boma* to greet me.

"Hazy! I've found her—a wife for Bubamo!" Like he'd spiked that plot to blow up Westminster Abbey.

He gave me the story in a running account as I unloaded my ivory, dismissed the boys, tied the cheetah behind the cook-



"He got married a while back. I don't know if they're away or not."

house and took my shower. During his circuit hike, Mike had made discreet inquiries at each village. All unattached females over fifteen received a "medical" inspection and interview. The bachelors were sounded out about the capabilities of the various girls. This undercover work finally paid off when the Doc reached Mkuki-Refu, a village no more than five miles away.

There he had found Sukari. "As soon as I saw her," he said, his blue eyes fairly shooting sparks, "I knew she was the one! A lovely creature, she is—just eighteen, perfectly shaped, and almost as tall as myself. It seems that every healthy man in Mkuki-Refu, married and unmarried, has proposed to Sukari. She laughs in their faces. Why? Because not one of them is man enough for her!"

"It sounds," I said, "like the perfect match. When are you bringing her here?"

Mike looked at his watch, then yanked the bell cord at his elbow. "Sukari," he said, "is about to serve us tea. I brought her back with me yesterday. Hired her to help Koola with the house."

"And what does she think about the coming betrothal?"

The Doc's bushy red eyebrows ran together like two firetrucks colliding. "I haven't told her about it yet. I want her to meet Bubamo first." Obviously, he wasn't any too certain as to the outcome.

Then I saw Sukari. She came in pushing a wheeled server before her, and she was all that the Mike had claimed. More. With my non-clerical eye, I could see a few points he had missed—or at any rate couldn't mention. Most apparent were the twin factors that would have clinched her a job on TV in the States. Beneath, her slender waist swelled into a pair of hips that would have made Rodin drool. The calico sarong Mike had given her was doubtless meant for Bubamo's benefit. It certainly wasn't meant to conceal Sukari from either the elements or the eyes of men. As for the girl's face, it was mighty attractive by any standard. The ten percent Caucasian that goes into the Bagandas was dominant in her aquiline nose and prominent chin. All in all, this was easily the most spectacular young woman I had ever seen.

Sukari pushed our tea in front of us, then stood up. Instead of departing, she remained there, her head high.

"Tabibu," said Sukari to the Doc, "I do not wish to marry the man Bubamo. I go tomorrow to my own village." Her heavy-lidded eyes were sullen, with a glimmer of controlled anger. Mike nearly dropped his cup. He stared at the motionless girl for a moment. When he spoke, it was in hushed tones, as though to himself. "But who could have—? Koola! The blabbering wench told her everything!" He raised his hand, and now the magic blarney came back into his voice. He told her she mustn't believe all she heard. But, as long as they were on the subject—"Bubamo would make a very good husband, Sukari—especially for you. Why don't you want to marry him?" He spoke in English, which is understood by most Bagandas.

Sukari dropped her eyes for the first time. She said, "I do not want a man from another *bika*. I am of the leopard *bika*. Bubamo is of the dog. It would be a bad thing if we married." She turned and, with the gait of a princess, vanished from my sight. I wasn't too dumbfounded to notice that

her stern was no less majestically formed than her bow. She seemed to have extra muscles whose sole function was to add to the delectable movement of her walk.

I was aroused by a muffled explosion from Mike. "It's just an excuse—a flimsy excuse to cover her silly coyness! She wants Bubamo as much as he wants her—or will when he sees her." He turned his bristling eyebrows on me. "I'll bet she never thought of her blasted *bika* till this moment!" He subsided into his tea, eyebrows bobbing like a butterfly's antennae.

Still, Sukari had a point. All Bagandas belong to one of twenty-nine *bikas*, or clans, each of which is named for a common animal or plant. In the old days these held an important place in the social life of the tribe. Now, except in remote areas, the *bikas* are not much more influential than, say, a masonic order. Nevertheless, if Sukari wanted to protect her honor with her damned leopard *bika*, the village would back her up.

It looked as if the Doc—no to mention poor Bubamo—was stymied.

The next day was Sunday. By breakfast time Sukari had not yet departed. It raised Mike's hopes. "She's looking for an out," he muttered over his toast. "Her feminine pride was injured when she heard of our lowdown plot. It caused her to make up that silly business about the *bikas*. Now she's hoping that we can get around it in some way."

"Good luck," I said, "I have to feed my cheetah." I went through the breezeway to the cookhouse. Putting some meat scraps into a bowl, I took them out to where I had the cheetah cub tied behind the building.

Sukari was there. She stood against the bright morning sunlight, her sturdy legs wide and hands on trim hips. For a moment I was blinded, but not by the sun. She was looking down at the cheetah, her delicate brows knit thoughtfully. Without so much as glancing at me, she said, "The hunting leopard—a handsome one." Then she turned on her heel and re-entered the kitchen. I thought no more about it.

When Mike and I took our morning constitutional around the village, we found Bubamo surrounded by a dozen assorted admirers, all sympathetic. His jaw hung slack and his shoulders sagged. It seemed that the mouthy Koola had been talking again. The entire village knew about the conspiracy—including Bubamo. He had seen Sukari, which made him feel even worse. He could see no way to overcome her argument about the *bikas*, although he didn't give a damn whether she belonged to the *chui bika* or the Knights of Columbus—he wanted her.

As we wandered back home, the big Irishman shook his head. "It looks hopeless. Before, we might have applied a little psychology on Sukari, made her see reason. Now, with the whole damn population in on the deal, she'll stick to her guns no matter what. A matter of honor."

I spent the bulk of the afternoon hand-loading cartridges for my next hunt. Between lunch and teatime I didn't see a trace of Mike. I figured he was writing his sermon for the twilight service. He gave one every Sunday in the village circle—not a roaring hell-or-heaven tirade, but a nice little love-thy-neighbor-and-don't-poach-royal-game sort of lecture. The natives loved it because they could understand it.

When the Doc came in for tea he glowed like something on top of a Christmas tree. When I tried to pump him he merely wagged his eyebrows at me and told me to be present at the service that evening. "And," he added, "make sure Bubamo's there—it's vital!"

Bubamo was there. So was everybody else, including half the natives from Sukari's own village. The grapevine among these people would have done credit to the wartime French underground. We all squatted on the ground outside the mission, the sun behind us. I sat close by Bubamo. Sukari, clad in her incredible sarong, was about twenty feet away.

Doc Hanrahan didn't waste any time getting started—or in finishing. All he did was tell a little story, a sort of parable. As he spoke, there wasn't a sound to be heard except the harsh breathing of two hundred throats.

"A long time ago," began the Doc, "there were not so many animals in the jungle, and no men at all. But even without men, there was love. One day, the dog fell in love with the leopard." He paused and you could hear the excitement flutter across the circle like a flock of scared bats. "Yes, the dog and the leopard, the jungle's bitterest enemies, fell in love. The law of the jungle, that says no one kind shall mate with another kind, was strong. But their love was stronger. So they built a lair deep in the jungle, and mated. The rainy season came and passed, and the leopard was heavy with young. When it was dry and warm once more she gave birth to a cub—and it was half dog, half leopard."

The Doc's sense of timing and his theatrical flair had brought the little drama to life. The climax came when Mike turned and gestured toward the mission boma behind him. From the open gate walked young Mbigi. He handed the Doc the

squirring ball of fluff he carried in his arms. Then Mike finished his business.

"Yes, the child of the leopard and the dog was the cheetah—the dog-leopard. Even though *chui* and *mbwa* are once again deadly enemies, their child still lives, to remind us that the power of love is stronger than any law." The big missionary, his last glance sweeping from Bubamo to Sukari, turned and strode into the boma, with Mbigi at his heels.

Then, one by one, the natives rose and moved quietly away, each of their faces gleaming with suppressed happiness and understanding. I too straightened my creaking knees and left. At the mission gate I looked back. Bubamo and Sukari were alone in the circle, still twenty yards apart, each still staring stubbornly ahead. I knew they wouldn't remain that way for long.

As the Doc had said, it was all over but the shouting. There was plenty of that, later on. I don't know how it affected the two lovers. They stayed in the servants' hut inside the mission walls. Koola and Mbigi came into the main house with Mike and me. There we sweated it out, half expecting to hear Sukari run screaming from the hut at any moment.

She didn't. At two o'clock I fixed the Doc and me a nightcap. I felt a sudden sense of peace and relief that it was done with. Not till then did I ask Mike for the details of the coup. "How did you ever think of that cheetah rigamarole? It was a master stroke." I raised my glass in admiration.

He grinned. "Drink to Sukari. It was her idea. She got it as soon as she spotted the cub today. That girl may be proud, but she's certainly not bashful!"

We drank to Sukari.

The sun was high by the time I had my gear packed, next morning. As I said goodbye to Mike, my six boys moved out of the boma and onto the narrow trail. Suddenly, from the mission yard a big black figure came dashing after us.

Bubamo caught up as we reached the cool green lip of the jungle. His chest heaved with the exertion and he was pale to a battleship grey. Beneath his sunken eyes were great midnight hollows, and his cheeks were drawn. "Bwana," he gasped, "I want to go on the hunt with you! Take me—niomba—please!"

I could barely keep from laughing. I gestured him to his place in line and our little column moved happily into the dark Semliki forest. Obviously, Bubamo had met his match at last.

For Bubamo's sake, I only hoped that Sukari had met hers.





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